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SORIN CERIN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE - TEARS-

Philosophical poems

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Foreword

Dear readers,

I thought it would be good to I begin with a Foreword to this volume of poems, in which to insert, a few poems I wrote many years ago, which, they are very dear to me, and which have have been published in other volumes of poems, but in a different form from the final one from now.

For the poems I love you beyond me, You will understand, and Cigarette smoke, I decided that their final, reference form, be this, now published in the Foreword of the volume, The Philosophy of Love - Tears, where I try to sketch poetically, some philosophical themes that preoccupied me, such as the report of ontological and gnoseological relationships of Love with the Illusions of Life and Death.

This volume can be read in both as work of philosophy and a volume of love poetry, just as they can be read, and other volumes of my philosophical poetry that treats Love, such as the volumes:

Memento mori, The Address of a cup of coffee, The Shadows of Hearts,

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Perfume, of, Eternity, The Legends of the Soul, Heart of bitter stone,

which are actually volumes of philosophical poetry that can be addressed in distinct notes, such as those of philosophy or love.

And now I invite you to read before the volume The Philosophy of Love - Tears, three love poems, which I love them especially,

These are:

- 1) I love you beyond me
- 2) You will understand
- 3) Cigarette smoke

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1) I love you beyond me

And if I drown in your eyes, Who would discover my body of my heart? What has beaten so painful for you, Angel of the love.

I do not think you will ever succeed to understand, The Death of one Word, From our great Love, Whose breath was lost under the footsteps, Your Forgetfulness.

And if I succeed to forsake, Your thoughts, Do you really think the clouds will never cry me? That the sun will not burn me with fire of memory, In your heart?

Do you really believe that the nature of the Word by which I loved you,
No longer has the tears of the mystery by which,
Was once a star out of you,
Always of my soul?

We met at the edge of Destiny, Where was raining with Loneliness, We were so Truth one of another, That neither the ocean of our glances,

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He could not be more lonely and sad than we were.

And then I understood,
That we were born of the Longing to die together,
More alive with every Smile that united our hands,
Handcuffed, in the Hope,
Of to be one and the same Moment,
Of Immortality,
Because even our angels,
They Love each other,
In the Paradise of beyond us.

I love you!

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2) You will understand

Will you ever understand what a kiss was?
When will you feel that I am the Star of your Destiny?
What will fall with me,
Beyond you,
With a Death?

Will you ever understand what a hug was?
Without the palms of our Desires lost then, in Memory,
Because I will be a flower from the hair of your
Thoughts,
What you will not want,
To be withered, never.

Will you ever understand what a Word was, At whose soles, we knelt, loving us, Where I will be the Dust, What you will tread it with the love of Powerlessness, Of to remain the Trace of our Great Love, In the World of Vanity.

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Will you ever understand what it was when I told you how much I love you?
Seeing the clouds that will no longer be of my Life,
What they will weep with the Tears of ended Glances,
from me,
Washing the face of your Heart,
With a new Moment,
Of an other Time,
Without me,
Trying, to I make you smile.

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3) Cigarette smoke

By cigarette smoke,
Your hair is lost in my heart,
Being scattered at every beat of Destiny,
Through me, is downloaded,
The whole pain and wonder of the World,
Knowing yourself again alone,
In the immensity from you,
By which you lose yourself, so far away.

Then I want to ask you?
Where we forgot our street,
At which corner, of death, forsaken by us?
Could you know?
Why are you more beautiful then when you cry?
Or why are you a tear,
Then when you talk in me?
Or maybe you do not want to know,
Because you prefer to drain yourself,
On the cheek of Time,
Being so lost in us,
Which accompanies Death?

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I miss you more today, More, now, More than never, More like always But I would want to find out where? Here, so far away, In the immensity lost in the chaos in me? Perhaps, much further, Than, I am in your Loneliness? When it is broken by the coldness of a Tears, What wants to be Destiny? But, alas, It runs down on the cheek of that Time, With name of Separation, What I want to banish him, Because I do not believe in the Death that separates us, Than in You, and that's all. That's why I'd like to smoke again, For I to look, how your hair, It would be lost in my heart, Being scattered at every beat of Destiny, Through cigarette smoke.

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

<u>PhD Professor Al Cistelecan</u> within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry,relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

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They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized, or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

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How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discoursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

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Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discoursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God,

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Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections."

<u>PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist</u> <u>poet of the 21st Century</u>

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin,

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from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to

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have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Nonsense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist avant la lettre.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX,

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and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, welltuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and

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new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", f la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ... ".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century.

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness."

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold."

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban: "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead."

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan: "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

<u>PhD Professor Mircea Muthu</u>: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

<u>PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu</u>: "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

<u>PhD Professor Ion Vlad</u>: "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, 'a rebours, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence."

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word".

<u>PhD Professor Ştefan Borbély</u>: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from "From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the 'room with mirrors' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Tears

The Steps of lead of the Glances, they were trying to wash their Regrets, with the Water of Death of some Tears, on which the hysterical and sad Smile, of the Bloody Twilight, he sold it at Price of, Life, to the poisoned Time, of so much Forgetfulness, with which he gets drunk, always wanting, to he look younger, in front of the Eternity of Moment, where we lived, until when we fell from her Paradise, burned by the Sacred Fire, which it could not understand us the Hopes, of to be. both in the bouquets of Flowers of the Soul of Heaven, as and in the tumultuous cascades of the Dust in us. in the sound of which,

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we made love,
without us realizing,
that in fact we did not embrace anything else,
than the Earth,
from which we were built,
which departed and he,
increasingly more,
until,
we remained a Memory,
forgotten and she,
in the abysses of an Universe of the Separation,
by ourselves,
for ever.

- philosophical poems-

2. The Fair of the Deserted Luck

Teach me to love, the Infinite of Smile, of the Waves of Tombs, of the Ocean of the Illusions of Life. which, they linger on the waves, of Illusions of Death. by ourselves, lost, through the Cemeteries of the Glances, on which I have killed them, at the feast of some Smiles not understood. by the World of Steps, on which I have found them, in the Fair of the Deserted Luck. where have demanded us, as payment, the Illusions of Happiness, through which we breathe, the Love, what it offered us. the Kiss of Immortality,

- philosophical poems-

which flowed alive, through the Blood of Words, on which we uttered them, to the Sacred Fire, of the Flames of Love, from us, which have burned us so hard, that we have become, the Volcano of beginning, of World, on which God created her, fevered by the coldness, of the Universe, of His own Thoughts.

- philosophical poems-

3. The entire Universe of a Kiss

Lead Steps, melted at the Sacred Fire of Love, you still tread, barefoot of Memories. the lost Hearts, of the Sentimental Desert, of the Passion, through which they barely crawl, the Caravans of the Sadness, who bring to us the Spices of Memory, where we were somewhere- sometime. the entire Universe of a Kiss, on which he would have bought him, from the Fair of the End, of Sacred Fire, of the Love, even and God. for to create, the Love, on this World. of the Original Sin, in which he stumbled, the Destiny, Loving us.

- philosophical poems-

4. The cold of the Days of our Gods

We were so young, that the Tear of the Universe, it drowned us the Eternity of Moment, in which we covered ourselves. the beatings of the Heart of Destiny, that it may not be cold for us, of so much Time. which will come, over the cold of the Days of our Gods, on which we venerate them, loving them ardently, knowing that they want us to be Together, above the Wings, on which we fly, with our own Loneliness, on which until then. none of our Dreams, they not succeeded to defeat them.

- philosophical poems-

5. In which we will wash us the Death

Then when the Stars of Destiny are crying, to you know that they have lost their Eternities, from the Eyes of your Heaven, on which they will fall, the Rains of the Vanity, which, they will invigorate us, the Separation, by the Endlessness of the Stranger from us, destroying us the Destinies of the Immortality, in which we would have hidden, by the Illusions of Life and Happiness, by the fear of Separation, by ourselves, where the Kisses of the Moment, of our own births. they will become, the Tears of a Heaven. of the Suffering, in which we will wash us, the Death.

- philosophical poems-

6. The Flames of the Longing of Immortality

All the rusty leaves of Destiny, they will never succeed, they to keep us, the Separations, so far away from the Tears' Dreams, which weep the Eternity of the Day, and now. where I met your Illusions of Death, alongside the Flames of the Longing of Immortality, of the Love, on which I kissed him, at the Destiny's onomastics, which has become only ours, over the bridge devoured by the Flames of a Love, what it burned. the whole Time, which he gave us, the God of the World, for to become Immortals,

- philosophical poems-

only after, what we would have passed, through the Death from ourselves, of the Cathedral of a Kiss, in which we to drown us, the Illusions of Life and Happiness, in the Birth indebted, to the Death, from us.

- philosophical poems-

7. Nobody from the Present of Today

I will leave, far away from the Clouds of Words, what have started to rain with the Regrets, of some Sighs, on which God wanted them, to be the Originally Sins, then when he did the World. of the Love which I wear to you, until beyond me, in the waves strangled by the Horizon, to whom we have sworn us, the Faith of Love, to whom we will build the Cathedrals of Immortality of Sacred Blood, from the Hearts of Heaven, crucified. of the Future, what, will not retain us. than the value of rusty spikes, of the Moments of Forgetfulness, who have martyred us, somewhere sometime, the Souls of Words,

- philosophical poems-

whose Strangers by ourselves, still have succeeded, to love, the Absolute Truth, of the Memory, in which we clothed, the Cemeteries, of, Thoughts, on which Nobody, from the Present of Today, can no longer recognize them, as being, Love.

- philosophical poems-

8. The Virginity of Hopes

We were so much Dream, hidden by the Rusty Lattice, of the Destiny, that we decided. that we were too young, to we find us again, the lost Eternity, of beyond Birth, hidden in the Volcano of the Dawn of some Lives, what seems that nor would they belong to us, then when they are Dice of Words, thrown on the tables of the Casinos without Luck, of a World, banished by its own Creator, who would be wrong us the walk, of the Vanity, from which he would have built, on the Icons of the Glances, in which we have lost us, the Virginity of Hopes, of to be found us again, the Immortality of Love.

- philosophical poems-

9. Knowing that it could have been

Bells of Ink,
they write by beating the Hearts of Heaven,
on the sheet of paper of Destiny,
the story of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from the shell of the Time,
which has deafened us,
with the waves of its Days,
on which we must face them,
hit by the fierce winds,
of the Memory,
what kills us each Eternity of Moment,
on which we cross it,
knowing that it could have been,
somewhere-sometime,
Ours.

- philosophical poems-

10. He had lost his identity

Games of backstage, of the Illusions of Happiness, have thwarted the Will of God, who crowned us. the Eternity of the Moment, in the Sacred Cathedral of our Souls, where the Love knelt, for to pray, at the Salvation of the Time, who rusted our Days, with his breathing, full of Forgetfulness and Delusion, on which I felt it, cold and unforgiving, in the nape of the Word, on which we had sworn. that we will always stay, together, and now he had lost, the identity.

- philosophical poems-

11. The lost Eyes of the Stranger from us

We've scattered us the wings of Moments of Sand, from the broken Hourglass of the Separation, in whose shards we cut us, even the veins of the Days, which still bleeds and now, in the Tears of the Lonely Sunsets, cold and sad, of the Waves, which no longer find their, shores of Words, where we were hiding, somewhere sometime, the Love, stolen forever, by the lost Eyes, of the Stranger from us.

- philosophical poems-

12. What's left of us

When we were the same Tear, of the Word of Love, in which we swam together, we could cross the whole Eternity, of the Dream. on which, the God of Passion has given him to us, for to feed us, with his Eyes of Freedom, in which we to run, humiliating even the Horizons of Endlessness, from the Heart of Time, who would have wanted to keep us, in the Moment of his Eternity, not knowing that we had become, a Comet of Happiness, which, we are heading, defying all Stars of Love, in which we could take refuge, toward the Dust from us, on which we have collapsed,

- philosophical poems-

making love, until when everything, has become something banal, losing forever, the Divinity that united us, for to remain the cold and inert Clay, of the Forgetfulness, on which, even the Potter of Memory, he is bypassing him, because he knows, that no one, would no longer want to drink, the Water of Life, from such a cup, made from the debris, of what's left of us.

- philosophical poems-

13. The Lead Day

The crabs of the Dawns. have cut with the pliers of the Horizon, the veins of Thoughts what bleeds abundantly, over the sad and depressed Glances, of the Happiness, prepared to face the Lead Day, which presses the Hearts of Memory, with her heavy steps of so much Guilt, on which the Existence threw it away, in the basket of a Love. on which it always carried him to the Fair of Dreams, to sell it with the whole Destiny, which was in it, but Nobody, he did not want to buy it, until when late, the Illusions of Death came, and took him, on nothing, promising him a Cemetery of Words of Love, as impressive as possible, for the Future that had committed suicide, long ago than the Past, in which we would have met. somewhere sometime.

- philosophical poems-

14. The clew without Hopes

The trunks rotted by Questions, brought at the shore of the Present, by the Waves of Memories, which have mangled the Longing of the Word of Love, empty and forsaken, longer than the Time of the Wedding rings from which any trace of noble metal has disappeared, of some Glances, remaining only the Rust alone and sad, of the Reality, applauded by the nightmares of the Years, in which we have lost our Dreams, they have tangled them, in the clew without Hopes, of the Nobody.

- philosophical poems-

15. The lost Paradise of the Passion

Wandering among the Stars of Immortality, of a Love. I tried, to I catch me from the sky of your Hopes, even if it was stuck in the Dust, of the bodily Desires, because you wanted to give life, to the Eternity not knowing that this will belong, to the Illusions of Death, from which we have carved us the Icon, of a Future, to which, to pray us then when our Steps will be banished from the lost Paradise of the Passion. without we knowing, that our prayer has become, a Religion of Suffering, which we will never be able to take it out from the Cathedral of Souls. our, heavy and emaciated, who hardly remember, of, what we were, once time.

- philosophical poems-

16. The Soul of a Tears

Then when the Eyes of Heaven cry, over the wilted Hearts, of the roses of Hope, and the gates of the Word of Love are opening, begin to grow the Memories, planted by the Forgetfulness, at the edge, of road, of a Glance, which and it found, in the Soul of a Tears, the Longing, lost among the thickets of the Separation, by ourselves, before as, the Illusions of Life and Death, to come. for to bless, the Cemetery of the Future, in which we have buried us the Passion, wounded by the Pride of the Time, unforgiving.

- philosophical poems-

17. The Philosophy of Love

I offered you the bouquet, of the Eternity of Flowers of Heaven, on which, I held it, in the trembling hand of Destiny, who brought you, at the Altar of the Universe of the Stranger in me, which we both bet, that the Philosophy of Love, can not be understood, by the Truth of this World, which can never be Absolute, than then, when, we will be released. of all the Illusions of Death and Life, from which we have embodied us the Words. which can not be said anymore, the second Day, since we have become, two Beings lost in the Banality, of the own Experiences, about which they have become aware of, as being Normal, and not Love.

- philosophical poems-

18. The Champions of Fulfilled Dreams

Lost among the Tears of Time, which have drowned us, the Breath of the Future, through which the pores of Eternity, have sprung once with the Dawn of your Feelings, lost. under the Snow of Smile, on which we have slipped, carried by the skis of the Hopes, in which we thought, that they will save us, by the pistes of the Separations, cold and insensitive, who were following us, the Tears, ready to collapse, in the abysses of Despair, on which none of us, would not have wanted them. at the Arrival,

- philosophical poems-

where we would have wanted so much, to we become the Champions of Fulfilled Dreams, of the Immortality of a Love, what, not even, we have not noticed, how it applaud us, of on the edge, of our own Destiny.

- philosophical poems-

19. Toward the Volcanos lava in us

The Feet of Bridge of our Dream, they started, to become more and more weakened, on the forehead full of the Wrinkles of Hope, of a Love, on whose riverbeds. we would have wanted to sail, on the Ship of Hopes, of the Luck, from whose wood, we to ignite us the Sacred Fire, of the Star of Love, which to show us the way, toward the Volcanos lava in us, which to burn us, all the Illusions of Death and Life, whose shards of broken hourglasses, they cut us, the Veins of the Immortality, through which we sailed, in the arms of a Destiny, of the God of Love.

- philosophical poems-

20. That he wanted

So lonely, was the God of the Stranger in me, that he wanted, he to build for him, from the Eyes of Heaven, of your Glances, the whole World. of the Love. on which we would have wanted to be born, Together, with the Flowers of Heaven, on which we shall gather them, from the Dreams of the Absolute Truth, of the Wedding, between the Souls of the Sacred Fires, on which we breathe them, guiding us the Destinies, toward the Immortality, of the Star with yhe Divine Light, which covered us, by all Original Sins, of a World of the Vanity, which it did not belong to us, Never.

- philosophical poems-

21. The Blood of our Dream

How much happiness, God would have been able to gather, at the harvests of the Illusions of the Death, on which he collected them with scrupulosity, at each Separation, by the Absolute Truth of Love ?, on which he banished him, in the Cemeteries of Words, to whose Meaning to we worship, the Destiny, without we knowing, how they have really looked like, in the youth of the Making of the Worlds, when no longer were some corpses, who have wanted, to they show us, only Tombs of Feelings, what they trembled, of Love and Sincerity, believing that somewhere sometime, we will embrace them the purpose, of to become, the Blood of our Dream.

- philosophical poems-

22. The Train of the Endlessness, with time schedule erased

Breathe my Illusions of the Death, Lord, that you may understand, how much I would have liked. I to become the Absolute Truth, of a Love, which I will not lose, as every time, in the nameless station of Destiny, where, I have no longer succeeded to climb, in the Train of the Endlessness, with, time schedule, erased, at which we always gave us Meeting, on the wrinkled face, of Forgetfulness, of the Ticket Office. where were sold to us, deserted and empty Words, of the Original Sins, which, I knew, that he was pulled,

- philosophical poems-

by the locomotive of the Moment of Eternity, to which I would have wanted so much, I to become the switchman of the Glances, of your Eyes of Heaven, on which I to hold them at the chest of the Heart, of the Immortality, of the Star of our Destiny.

- philosophical poems-

23. Then when will weep the Word

To you know that then, when will weep the Word, which I gave him, to the Illusions of Death and of our Life, I will run on the full alleys, by the Worms of the Forgetfulness, from the Cemeteries of Dreams, which decompose, in the Breaths, cold and insensitive, of the Forgetfulness, trying to catch, the Stars of Destinies, from the Pores of Hopes, in the Hearts of which, I will try to hide myself, for I to find your Divine Light, on which you can understand it, as being, the Religion of the Immortality of a Love,

- philosophical poems-

which it will not arise, nowhere elsewhere, than in the garden of your Soul, from which I would have liked, to I build for me, the only Cathedral of Immortality, in which I thought, as being the Eyes of the Soul of Heaven, in which to I live my, the Passions of Existence, together with you.

- philosophical poems-

24. Let me to Believe in you

Scatters my, God, and the last money of the Dreams, at the Games of blind Luck of the Destiny, but let me to Believe in you, even if you are in Reality, the last prowler of this World, lacked by the Hope, of the Eyes of Heaven of the Happiness, in which to cool my the Illusions of the Death, which they burn me with each Eternity of Moment, on which I lose it. without wanting, to the rotten and loser table, of a Destiny, from the wood of the Words, of which, I will never be able to build for myself, a Refuge of a Love, under whose eaves to hide myself, by the Illusions of Life.

- philosophical poems-

25. They poison us the Memories

The petrified smiles, they sit, cold and insensitive, through the Cemeteries of Words, to whose fences. the Tears still dry out their, the Wrinkles of Time, so unforgiving, with the Distance, between the Illusions of Life and Death. which poison us the Memories, of the shouts, deaf on which no Star, it can no longer hear them, for to shine us again, the Path of Destiny, on which we ran together, somewhere sometime.

- philosophical poems-

26. Lost Objects

Remnants of Moments, dirty and creased, they sit thrown, at the shores of the Veins of Blood. from the Glances of our Sunsets, for to be washed and placed, in the wardrobe crammed, with the Illusions of Life and Death, from the chiffonier of the Memory, on which I gave him for nothing, to the Store of Lost Objects, feeling that it did no longer belong to us to make of him, Coffins of Words. as beautiful as possible polished what they will be placed, in the showcase of the Funeral Pumps, of the Forgetfulness.

- philosophical poems-

27. Waiting for me, forever

So young was the Time, when you chose to leave, on the mountains of the Illusions of Death, from where you no longer came back, never, because together with you, has climbed and the Time, which fell in love so hard, by the Dreams that smiled to you in the Eyes of Heaven, that he has found his Eternity in them, navigating toward Endlessly, up to the Star of our Destiny, on which you have lit it, waiting for me, forever.

- philosophical poems-

28. We wait to save us

Dreams crushed, by the heavy Steps of the Absurd, on which we have whipped us the Illusions of Life, to go, as far away as possible, through the dark and cold land, of the Illusions of Death. from which we wait. to they save us, from the prisons of the own Bodies, of Words, whose meanings, always are drowning, in the Blood of Hopes, of to be a single Star, from which we to look at the Time, like on a Snake. stranger and disgusting, who would have been able, he to bite us with the venom of his Years oppressive, on which the Existence would have fitted them as lattices, at the Windows of our Love.

- philosophical poems-

29. The Hourglasses of the Destiny

I have carved, from the immaculate snow of Happiness, a Tear, in which to we swim. as close as possible to ourselves, untilwhen the heat of the Bodies of some Words, on which we found them willing, to they host us, will melt us, the Glances of the Dawn of the Divine Light, from us. for to transform them, in the Eternity of a Moment, on which to we drink it, being thirsty for Love, forever, from the Hourglasses of the Destiny, which will not break, never.

- philosophical poems-

30. At whose Gates

I slipped, on the worn and slippery steps, of the Destiny, directly into cold and insensitive arms, of the Illusions of Life and Death, for to navigate, on the sharp waves and lacked, of Remorses, of some Days, what seem to be aborted, even by the Time that would have given them birth, so glacial and inhospitable, in our Hearts, forsaken by their own Moments, at whose Gates have beaten uninterruptedly, the Memories, of to become again, ourselves, Love.

- philosophical poems-

31. The Blood of the Sunrise

The Thorns of the Regrets have delayed in the Night, of the Tears. in which we drowned us the Fences of Dreams, where we remained hanging, without to we can ever pass them, to become the Blood of the Sunrise, from the Veins of the Divine Light, of the Love, which we would have wanted to breathe it, nourishing it with the Hopes of the Absolute Truth, of the Love. on which only the broken Wings, of the Word in which we were hiding, of Banality, knew him, without being able to take it with us, then when we have collapsed, in the indifferent World of Reality, between his walls of Soul. which were our Glances.

- philosophical poems-

32. Equally uncombed

We were on the Street of Existence, equally uncombed, by the eternities of the Moments, like always, trying to cut our path, through the bread slice of the Horizon, which, we have become, without we realizing, that this one was, so starved of us, that he would have wanted, he to kiss us the Dawn of Dreams. forever. without them ever becoming grizzled in the arms of a Day, whose Storm of Illusions of Death, it never understood us. the Remorses, which have separated us, the Tears of the Happiness, by those of the Suffering, in whose arms we have fallen, including with the Memory, of an Immortality, which could have belonged to us.

- philosophical poems-

33. The warm Sun of the Smile

Each star, from the tears of Destiny, writes its own letter of Love, to the Illusions of Death. on which it hopes to deceive them, at least with a Glance. stolen from, the wandering of the Eternity, which still looking for its path, toward your Heart, conquering new weeds of Empty Words, on which it cut them. with the warm Sun, of the Smile, banishing the cemeteries of Loneliness, which have stung us, the foreheads of the Dreams. of to stay together, even under the zodaiac sign of Illusions of Life, which gave birth to us, the Happiness.

- philosophical poems-

34. And they won

How much freedom would have died, in the Glances of Eternity of your Moment, that you had to do to you, the Clothing of the Feelings from the texture of the Illusions of Death, on which have bet. all the Sufferings of this World, as on, their last chance, of to longer exist, -And they won!, so many Days, from our Love, that they have come to strangle us, and the few Glances, which have longer remained us, from the Blood of Words. in whose Eternities, we believed, kneeling,

- philosophical poems-

at the soles of their Dreams, believing they would carry us, and on us until beyond the Illusions of Happiness, which have longer remained us, as food, of the Forgetfulness of ourselves, in the wallet patched, of so many Promises, on which none of us, he could no longer keep them.

- philosophical poems-

35. A whole World of the Eternity

I have so much Time, through the pockets of the Eternity of the Moment, of your Glances, that I no longer can even to remember, how many Eternities, have flowed into the Divine Light, of a Memory, which it drowned shy, at the edge of Destiny, shouting me in vain, for help, without ever succeeding to I stretch it, a single Wrinkle, blossoming on the forehead, of a Feeling, forgotten by the World, of your Eyes from which God has built, a whole World, of the Eternity.

- philosophical poems-

36. For to become Eternal

Tell me how many Hearts,
has the Smile of Eternity,
of your Eyes?,
through which, the Dawns of the Loneliness,
they want to build their,
the roof of a Memory,
under which to shelter themselves,
by the Future,
in which no Horizon,
of the Illusions of Death,
it would not have believed,
without the cemeteries of breaths of the Destinies,
which, they did not let us to die us,
the Time,
for to become Eternal.

- philosophical poems-

37. So much poisoned

Who were the Eyes of Lead, of the Dream, of a God?, in whose Glances, we were born the Religion of Love, who crucified us. on the crosses of the wars of a World. in which we would have wanted, to we hide us the Eternity, without we knowing, that it was sold some time ago, than our own Existence. to the Illusions of Death?, from which and today we try to get out, drowned in the swamps of the Hopes, which they have given us, as flowers of Souls. so much poisoned, the Destiny.

- philosophical poems-

38. The fabric of the Future

Temptation of Existence, you lured my Birth, among the roots of the Illusions of Death, of, which, my Days were tangled, promised by Destiny, at the Fair of the Nothingness, where the Cemeteries, of Loves, buy the Fabric of the Future, to the tangled footage, of the Ouestions, whose Answers. were depending on how many, Illusions of the flowered Happiness, were. on its colored material, with the tombs of some Feelings, in which we will find us the eternal rest, what will consist, in the beauty and durability of this World, through which our Memories have gone astray, whose Eternities. we will never find them again.

- philosophical poems-

39. The Fountain of Longing

I was an unfinished street, trampled by the bare feet of the Despondency, which has washed its Tears, in the Illusions of Happiness, bought so expensive, by Dreams, that they have become totally impoverished, losing even the last coins, of the Love, which they threw, in the Fountain of Longing, telling their last wish, in the brilliant rays, of the Illusions of Memories.

- philosophical poems-

40. The Torch of a Star

I had hoped as the Illusions of Death, to leave us a fragment of Eternity, from which to build us, the Sacred Fire Castle. what has burned in us, consuming us even and ancestors, who admit they lived somewhere- sometime, so that we may have one another, in the dawn devoured by the Destiny, what seems to be understood us, the Endlessness of the Kiss, in which was lost silently and ardent our whole World, which has burned us, so hard, that we became the Torch of a Star. which has lit the whole Heaven, of the Love, for which God so greatly worked, in His Creation.

- philosophical poems-

41. The unlucky Destiny

What might be more true, more infernal, more profoundly, than the poetry of a Love, who struggles with the passions of Heaven, lost in the endlessness of the Glances. whose rains of tears, have not yet learned to swim, over the Horizons, which envelops him, without being able to resist, to the Night, which hides Memories, through the nooks of an Universe, on which the God of Kiss has lost it, at the games of Luck, of the unlucky Destiny.

- philosophical poems-

42. The Faith of a Wilderness

Could I really to detach my, the Moment of Eternity, of your Smile? by the wounded Eternity of the World, which I would have wanted to bandage her, in the Hospital of Promises, on which we have raised it together, bandaged by the Dreams revolted, for the frustration, of not to be with us anymore, the Future. to whom we swore, the Faith of a Wilderness, on which we have never understood it, why he sits dispirited at the corner of the street, of our own. Destiny.

- philosophical poems-

43. Eyes of Heaven

Kiss us, Lord, the Salvation, of which we need so much, to feed us, the Illusions of Death, on which we bought them, at the price of the Illusions of Life, which hold us in the slavery, the forbiden fruit, of the Love, for to breathe us the Original Sin, of the Beauty, of the Eyes of Heaven, on which the soul of your Immortality, he planted it, beyond me, and all that can be Consciousness, of a Feeling, from which we have built us, the Vestment of the Eternity of a Love.

- philosophical poems-

44. The Kiss of the Illusions of the Happiness

We never had money, for to buy us Moments, at the Square of Time, who has retained us. because we would have stolen, from her, from the department of footage without meaning, the Eternity, which anyway, could not be measured, on the number of, the Vestments, the Promises and Dreams, of the Illusions of our Death. which whatever it was, they were gathering us, at the shoulders of Destiny, who it did not want to leave us, to hug us, as it would have succeeded, to do it, the Kiss, of the Illusions of Happiness, on which we have left them, to they become for us, History.

- philosophical poems-

45. The Destiny of the Illusions of Death

I'm so far, from You, Lord, that I understood, that Your Eyes, should be stolen from the Icons of Love. on which I embraced them. to the breast of the Original Sin, from the cathedrals of Souls, our Kisses. through which we have gathered us the Love, in the arms of the Glances, whose Sighs, they could hardly stand on their feet, of so much Lead of the Remorses, which flowed us through the veins of the Dreams, what, they dragged us, in the depths of the Water of Illusions of Life, in which we drowned forever, the Destiny of the Illusions of Death, in which none of us, we did not believe anymore, long ago, of when, we knew that can really exists, Happiness of Eternity's Illusions.

- philosophical poems-

46. Without, the Illusions of Death or Life

Please, anoint my slice of Heaven, with the Smile of your Moments, in which I drowned my Destiny, for to steal you the Eternity of Eyes, from which I want to make for myself, the magic Word, with name of Love, by which God gave birth to the World, on which I would like to give it to you, without the Illusions of Death or Life, from which are made for us, the bricks, of the Future, what compels us to make us, the house of Souls. from them, not knowing that we are a cathedral of a Kiss, from which we braided the Vestments of the Immortality, in which, Nobody, can not believe, except us, and Immortality.

- philosophical poems-

47. On the pyre of a Future

Guard me the wounded wing, of the Fulfillment, by the Heaven of your Soul, in which I have dried up my Illusions, of the Death, Life and Happiness, hoping that I can give you, the Immortality of the Eternity's Kiss, on which he has forgotten it so much Time, God of Love, on the ignited pyre of the Vanity, what burns us on the Heart of the Sacred Fire, of the Sunset, the Future, which separated us, by the Tear, what still weeps in ourselves, with the Embers of the Memories, which consumes us, the Destiny, on the pyre of a Future, of the Nobody, of Love and Longing.

- philosophical poems-

48. Our own Paradise

Could we ever, to no longer be us?, those to whom, the Tears of Eternity, they wept at the breast of the imperishable Moment, of a Blood. what could no longer flow, on the stained cheek of a Time, on which we were trying to erase him, with the rust of Memory, on which he gave it to us, the Love of a God of the Nobody, from which we have built us the Icons. on which we shall wear them, on the strangled necks of the Sufferings, from which we believed, that we will make us somewhere - sometime, our own Paradise. of the Immortality, in whose Star to hide us, the entire Cemetery of the Word, from which we were made, at the Creation of the Original Sin, which, we believed false, that it could not belong us, and to us.

- philosophical poems-

49. At a price of nothing

Build me the Eternity, in the Blood of your Dawn, without which I could not breathe, the Illusions of Life and Death. of the Word of Creation, of this World. which, I feel that it is hiding in the Steps of Moment, on which we trampled it together, at the altar of Hope, in the threshold of door of Destiny, which was opening, dispirited, for us, at the request, of the Soul of rusty Keys of Vows, which seemed that they have no longer power, to open us, the Immortality, in which we to take refuge, our whole, Love, sold on the stand of Illusions of Happiness, at a price of nothing.

- philosophical poems-

50. The Rope of the Destiny

Tie me with the chains of Eternity, by the Kiss of your Glance, until the Time will be defeated, forever. in the World of the Original Sins, from which the Illusions of Death. they made their engagement rings, to celebrate us, the Sufferings of Illusions of Life, on which they asked them for in marriage, at the Gates of Cemeteries of Dreams. from which we wanted to braided us, the Rope of the Destiny, of which, we to hang us, the Moment, whose Eternity, still kept us in Life, the Death, through which we were obligated, to we adopt it once with the birth, of the Vanity, of the Illusion of our Happiness.

- philosophical poems-

51. From scrap of Words

Scrap of Words, they stand thrown at the Garbage Bin of Forgetfulness, where they might have fed themselves, so many Eternities of Moments, from which. we could have chosen and us, one of them. however unfaithful or miserable it would have become, at the beginning, of, road, of the Illusions of Death, on which we threw them, in the depths of Forgetfulness, which they would have washed their soles, obscene and dirty of so many Illusions of the Life, until it would have become, from scrap of Words, the Religion of Love, of the Eyes in which we found us again, from which we would have built us, the Immortality, of our own Star. which would have found us the Destiny lost, of longer than an Endlessness, of, Kiss, in which to we lose us, the whole Absolute Truth.

- philosophical poems-

52. The Kiss of Happiness

The Being without identity, of the God lacked of name, on which I feel you inside of the Wandering, from me myself, what you dwell in the Kiss of Happiness, you to clarify my Existence, if Eternity, is the Illusion of Death, or of the Life?, from which to we can feed us. the Moment of Love, on which I have never managed, to we bind it at the lost Eyes of the Souls, from which we braided us, the crown, of, Stars, of the Thorns of the Memory, on which to put it, on the forehead of the Cemetery where we buried us, the Word of Creation, to all the Sufferings of this World, forever, forgetting by ourselves.

- philosophical poems-

53. For to be reused

Remains of Words, thrown at the trash of the Existence, they rot, assiduously, for to be reused. as raw material, at the production of strong alcohol, from the Tear of the Illusions of Death, on which we are obliged to, to we drink it, until we remain definitive, in the whole Forgetfulness by ourselves, the wretch ones, which, we had the impression, that we remembered, somewhere sometime. at least a particle from the Absolute Truth, of the Conscience of God, from which we have built up, wishing - not wishing, the own prison of Illusions of Life.

- philosophical poems-

54. In the Heart of the Star

Touch me, the Kiss of the Soul, to I can tell you, how great is the Immortality, lost from the buttonhole of the Illusions of Death, by a God who has forsaken us, in the arms of a Horizon. which was no longer, of our Destiny, on which, we would have wanted, to we divide it fraternally, with the Happiness, which still is hiding, deep in the Heart of the Star, which illuminates us, the depressed forehead of the Sentiment, shrivelling by the cold of the Forgetfulness which it still seeks Love. for to breathe her, the uplifting and eternal air, of the Glances.

- philosophical poems-

in the waves of which, we feel that we drown, all the Times of our ancestors, who would have been born, for to we find us here, lost in the Eternal Moment, of the Love.

- philosophical poems-

55. The Hearts of Eyes of Heaven

Swamps of Dreams, they twist in the graves of the Words, in which we once wanted, to hide us. the Love, gone on the way without return, of the Willows of Memories. from which, the Sighs have braided, the Baskets of the Deceptions, off the cheek of the Kiss, full of Tears. brought, so hard, by the Destiny, for to be given to the Forgetfulness, from the Hearts of Eyes of Heaven, what they seem to be blinded for ever, then when they look deep, in our Souls.

- philosophical poems-

56. God will write to us

Petals of Tears, they cover the Windows of Heaven, on which we want to open them, to the Future. for to enter, the stellar Wind, of beginning, of World, which to lead. the sentimental paper sheet, of the Souls, towards the Endlessness of the Absolute Truth, and God will write to us, how can we crinkle it. for to not reach, under the footsteps of lead, of the Regrets, which would not leave us, to fold it so. for to make us, a bird, whose wings, to they carry us, beyond the Illusions of Life or Death, on the vault of a Space, where, to not exist, nothing else, than, Eternity.

- philosophical poems-

57. The Hearts of the Millenniums of Dreams

Dawn without the Divine Light, of the Eyes of Heaven, through which we look, the Eternity of the Sadness of a World, on which, we would have wanted, to we dress it. in the Happiness, of to stay together, crushing the Hearts of the Millenniums of Dreams, of a history of Love, on which neither God, he would not have believed her, so magnificent, that. he to ignite the Sacred Fire of the Feeling, of an entire Universe. with a single Glance, banishing the Illusions of Death, forever. in the endless abysses, of the Forgetfulness.

- philosophical poems-

58. Becoming, a Star

It's raining, consuming with the lead of Suffering, over the Tears of the Illusions of the Life and Death, penetrating us, the Souls, handcuffed, by the Happiness of Sufferings and Passions, until beyond any Consciousness, on which would have succeeded, to believe her. or it to understand her, Love, even if she knew she was lied. on the Paths of the gnawed Steps, of Remorses, of the Stars, which, they could not receive us, in their Hearts. because would have burned us the Mediocrity, with their Sacred Fire, of beginning, of World,

- philosophical poems-

where reigned the Absolute Truth, on which we still hope to find him, in the Stranger of the Glances in us, who will give us, the Consuming Flame of the Immortality, what will burn, everything that keeps us connected to this World, becoming ourselves, a Star.

- philosophical poems-

59. The injured Moments

Dawns, of Ink, have filled the pens of the Waiting, to write on the Eyes of Heaven, with big letters, of Hope, Love.

Ages of Time, they can no longer stand by Longing, and crawl on the arms of the Thorns what shoot arrows in the injured Moments, of the Memories.

- philosophical poems-

60. Even if it was ours

Fences of Opinions, they stand firm, over the misty Horizons, of the Days with Hearts of lead, from which God has made for him. the arrows which to cut the flesh of Time, leaving the Blood of Memories, to gush, on the cold and frozen floor, in the cement of Thoughts, which have whipped us, the Future, forcing him to go further, even though he has forgotten his horseshoes of luck, on the foreheads full of sweat, of a Past. which no longer wants to come back, for nothing in the world, in the arms of a Kiss, even if it was ours.

- philosophical poems-

61. Rains of Memories

Touch me the Soul of Love, on which I kept her hidden, on the wings of the Eyes of Heaven, with the help of which, I fly, over all the Regrets of Destiny, who killed us, the Divine Light, whose steps, they seemed to us somewhere- sometime, so hard of climbed, that, we chose, to we fall into the chasm, of the Separation, from where we try to get out, dressed in the armor of the Word, Love, who defends us by ourselves, for to become Rains of Memories, which to drizzle, over lost Glances of Luck. the Illusions of Death.

- philosophical poems-

62. The blood of the Word

How lonely, would have been the God, without the Eyes of Heaven, of your Destiny, that he had to, to build a whole World, which I will put it for you, at the wounded feet of Happiness, which to heal, with the blood of the Word, who united us. on the shore hit by the hurricanes of Love, at the chest of a Time, of Illusions of Death, on which, we will never be able to, to we sell it. at the Fair forsaken by Profoundness, of Illusions of Life.

- philosophical poems-

63. Toward the Horizons of Immortality

The flint walls, are hit, sparking by the zodiac Signs of our Destinies, for to light up, the Flame of the Sacred Fire of Love, on which God was waiting her, still before. of to be built the Universe, of the Thoughts and Aspirations, of a World, on which nothing else, would not have succeeded to saved her, by all her Original Sins, which have been given to us as a reward, for to unknot them, the strengths, lost deep, in the hot Blood of the Kisses, on whose wings we were flying, toward the Horizons of Immortality.

- philosophical poems-

64. The Daily Newspaper, Separation

I end up me, from the zodiac sign of the Luck of Love on which, I carried her, on the back of Sadness. by enslaving, the unbeaten paths, of the Ships of Dreams, who have shipwrecked, near the Memory of your glances, what has ransacked my Desert of the Blood, crossed by the Caravans of the Longings, which were carrying the spices of the Words, which have hit us, the Hopes, so much so that, I have declared them lost. at the advertising column, of the Daily Newspaper, Separation.

- philosophical poems-

65. The Volcano in you

Kidnap me the Immortality hidden in the Soul of the Stranger from me, on which I would offer it to you, as a gift, of the God of aLove, who he could not conceive his Creation, without the Eyes of Heaven, of the Glance, of the Volcano in you, on which I feel him, how he erupts my Future, turning it into the Eternity lava, which will burn the whole Universe, of the Love, on which the Destiny, has ever had him. in his Heart.

- philosophical poems-

66. Dressings

Can you still smile to the Immortality? on which he gave it to us, a Destiny of Nobody, from the Star of Separation, which will light us, the bloody Steps of the Future, forever, without to longer exist dressings, for the Word, cold and insensitive, in which we took refuge, the Memory, what seems to no longer belong, not even, at the broken fences, of the Feelings, which have forsaken us. the World of Eyes of Heaven, of your Glances.

- philosophical poems-

67. Present without End

Forgive me Eternity, if it did not know, how to build for you, the bricks of Feelings, on which to we climb, step-by-step, until the Eyes of Heaven, of the Absolute Truth, from the Star of Love, which would have guided us, the Immortality crossing all the Universes, conceived by God, for to embrace us, the Present without End, of the Fulfillment.

- philosophical poems-

68. The age of the Sadness

Remorses, torn, from the rays of Dawns, which bites us with the milk teeth, of the Future, the Vanity, and then to fall, on the broken sheets of the Calendars, always changing us, the age of the Sadness, for to bite, of the nipples of a new Day, of the Loneliness.

- philosophical poems-

69. The Sentimental Profoundness

Zodiac Signs thrown at the garbage of the Forgetfulness, with all the Happiness, on which they held her in the womb of Time, for to be born. in the Endlessness of the Glance, where they will no longer be heard, the endless steps, of the Sentimental Profoundness, on which God had made her, for His Primordial Word, from which we could have built us, shelter of Dreams, to last forever, to Reality, of to stay together, in the Star without name, of the Love, which, would never have fallen, in the Tears, of end, of World,

- philosophical poems-

of the Separation,
in which we drowned,
the Future,
without to we longer can ever wash him,
by the Original Sin,
of to be born,
the Illusions of Death,
in which we will clothe us, the Destiny,
for Eternity.

- philosophical poems-

70. Between two Existences

Waves of, Wrinkles, they hit the tired forehead of Time, the handicap of which consists, in the fact that it can not recognize, the eternity of his own Moments, which gave birth to him, from the shell of dew, of the Tears of a God, sick of Love. in the loneliness of an Universe, where they had not yet been born, the Windows of Heaven, of the Divine Light, on which we will open them, even if he will hit us, the Wind of the Illusions of Death, with his cold, of end of World, from which to make our house and table, on the stone bridge, of the Kiss. between two Existences, of Illusions of Life and Illusions of Memory.

- philosophical poems-

71. On the hot lips of the Words

Paths of Dreams have wandered on the hot lips, of the Words, in which we want to hide. the Illusions of Happiness, lest, the dust of the Illusions of Death, he to shadow them, the Eternity, from which we feed ourselves in every Moment, chewing the Time, on which keeps him captive, between the bars of the Feelings, on which we have lit them up, with the Sacred Fire of the Star, which illuminates us, the Destiny, beyond ourselves.

- philosophical poems-

72. On the Realm of Love

I think God, did not feel, so intense, then when he uttered the Word Love, for the first time. how lives the Kiss of the Glances, of the Windows of Heaven, on which we open them, with each Dream, on which we uttered him, on the Realm of Love, where we breathe the Eternity, orphan by all the Illusions of the Dust, on which we were born, Death but also the Resurrection, in which we took refuge now Loving.

- philosophical poems-

73. To we use him, Mortar

Scatter my Soul, in the Dawn of Divine Light, of the Breathing of the Love from you, for to integrate myself, in the Absolute of Truth. on which we all uttered him, but nobody knows him really, calling it, Love, but on which we want, to we use him. Mortar, at the construction of the Cathedral, of Illusions of our Life and Death, without we ever understanding, that his Eternity, will not be able to accept them, never, on these.

- philosophical poems-

74. Has no longer succeeded to utter anything

Bridges of Glances, ruined, they still want to be passed, by, an Eternal Moment, which we lost it without knowing, from the pocket of a Tears, who was heading in a hurry, toward the cold and dumbfounded lips, of a Word. with the name of Love, which has no longer succeeded to utter anything, even though in his Immortality, could have said more, than. the whole World would have told, to her own Illusions of Death. of the Life and Happiness, together.

- philosophical poems-

75. Coffins of Words

Walls of granite sentimental, they guard the statues of Hearts of Lead, of the trembling Tears, from the cut branches of the Moments, which, they will no longer blossom, never, the Love, being, processed, in the stellar carpentry Workshop, of the God of our Separation, by, the Destiny, in Coffins of Words, in which our Future will be buried, on which we will lead him, on the last journey of the Eternal Regrets, from the Cemetery of the Glances, which have forsaken us, in the sad and cold tombs, of the Memories.

- philosophical poems-

76. The Desert of Nobody

We were so much, Endlessly, that were drowned even our Words, in the Illusion of Happiness, which wanted to be Eternal. even in the Cemetery of Dreams, where we have killed us the Future, believing that we will always remain in a Past, of the Immortality, without we knowing, that she can not travel on the wings of Time, with which we were predestined, to we fly, along with the Illusions of Life and Death, over the whirling river of Love, on which so few have crossed it, from one shore of the Glance to the other. for to find out finally, that he had reached on the realm without name, of the Illusion of Happiness and Memory, from the Desert of Nobody.

- philosophical poems-

77. He gave Life to the Word

Sky of, Sand, escaped from the broken hourglass of the Time, which has reneged its, even and the Moment of Eternity, what gave Life, to the Illusion of the Word, from which. has built, its own Day, equally fleeting as and he, over the rotted bridges, of the Existential Nonsense, whom he shared with the Love, of a God. of the Sadness and Suffering, who built us. after His image and likeness, by killing, all the Moments of the Illusions of Life and Death from us, in a wonderful round dance, of the Vanity, in whose dance, we caught us, both Nativity and Death, of the Blood that boils. in the beings of our Dreams.

- philosophical poems-

- philosophical poems-